

THE
MASONIC MISCELLANY

AND
LADIES' LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. II.

FOR AUGUST, 1822.

No. 2.

MASONIC ADDRESS,

*Delivered at Newcastle, Ky. by Brother ROBERT P. GIST, on the
24th June, 1822.*

BRETHREN AND CITIZENS,

WE meet here to commemorate the birth day of our most pious and exemplary brother, St. John the Baptist, than whom, it was said by our Saviour himself, there was none greater.

Anniversaries of this kind are instituted for various purposes, but are principally intended to render more vivid our recollection of departed merit; by bringing in review before us those cardinal virtues and traits of character, upon which we have founded our admiration and esteem. The effect of this will be to discover the purest streams of motive, and the desirable fountain from whence they flowed, that we may be able to fashion ourselves after the best models which have been furnished us, and receive those rays of reflected light, without which the most elastic mind would be imperfectly expanded, and the most sensitive heart unimproved. It is thought unnecessary on the present occasion to trace the biography of our ancient brother, as it is presumed that my audience can readily call up a distinct recollection of the history of that devoted personage, who was the precursor of Christ, and recognize in him one of those, who, by their temperance, piety, and zeal, have evinced a paramount attachment to the cause of humanity, and eminently contributed to establish the superiority of mind and of mental en-

joyments over mere animal matter, and animal passions. These last, indeed, they first subdued by the precepts we teach, and afterwards yielded themselves to martyrdom, the last and greatest evidence of human sincerity.

It must be a source of the highest pleasure to every enlightened mind, to behold either what is beautiful in the natural world or praiseworthy in the moral. The natural world, which surrounds us, is presented to our external senses in that beautiful array by which it is decorated and by which its splendour, symmetry and utility are rendered obvious and palpable. But with regard to the moral world, with regard to those things which are not at all cognizable by our senses, and which we can perceive only through the dark medium of traditional revelation, rendered still more dim by the ambiguous languages through which they have passed, we can only say, it is more difficult to understand them; and the knowledge of them, when acquired, it is still more difficult to retain. Hence that variety of opinions, and of moral and religious institutions, all professing the same origin, that have arisen and died, like the fabled Phoenix, to give birth to others. Why has this happened? It would be tedious to speak of all the causes; but a principal reason is to be found in the nature of the subject itself: for when revelation loses its origin, clearness and purity, as it does with those not in possession of our bible, or those without sufficient light to understand its injunctions, persons thus deserted are certain to model their ideas of religion and of God, after some objects of sense. Hence the origin of idolatry. History and experience prove the fact, and philosophy teaches us to expect it. Are we not then surprised, that moral and religious institutions, so versatile in their nature, should maintain their existence through the immense lapse of time, and amidst this natural proneness to lose sight of the ideas of those things which are not presented to our external senses? How shall we answer it? Let it be said for the honor of revelation, that the universal principles of truth are self-existent and indestructible. But with respect to *forms* of worship, of churches, and of moral societies, they as before observed, have been perpetually changing, and amid the ruins, one very ancient institution, and one alone, in its original purity and identity,

is found to have withstood the daring hand of innovation, and stormy elements of revolution. This is the Masonic Institution, which wisdom, strength and beauty have directed, supported, and adorned by uniting certain principles and virtues with familiar emblems, which can be examined by the senses, and which, from the powerful faculty of association in the human mind are doubly impressed. Thus our moral precepts are impressed on every sense, pervade every faculty, are indelible in every memory, and should be sacred to every heart. This institution has nothing to do with polemical divinity, nor does it meddle with or require of its members, any of those changes of mind, by which the bad man is said to be suddenly transformed. No, certain moral precepts, embracing the general principles of justice and philanthropy, about which different professions and sects do not cavil, are laid hold of by the good Mason and wielded for the general good of his fellow man. So far then as general principles will go, and so far as experimental religion, or a change of heart can be effected by teaching and practising correct ethics, so far masonry must be acknowledged as at least the hand-maid of christianity. But its objects and benefits must extend beyond the limits and precise bounds affixed to church establishments, The Mahometan and Jew must be prepared to clasp each other and reciprocate the kind humanity of a brother christian:

“Friend, parent, neighbour first it should embrace,
Our country next, and next all human race.
Wide and more wide the o’erflowings of the mind,
Take every creature in of every kind,
Earth smiles around with boundless bounty blessed,
And heaven beholds its image in his breast.”

How much the world is indebted to Masonry for the preservation and propagation of the gospel, must be entirely unknown to its christian persecutors. What would be the reply if we were to ask where and how an only remaining copy of the Bible was preserved from final destruction during the Jewish captivity? All the lights of sacred and profane history, without the aid of masonic tradition, would not prepare you for answering the question. We are informed that our brother John the Baptist was a fore-

runner of Christ, and sent of God to prepare the way for his coming. Now John had been an obscure individual, and came forward in mean apparel dieting on locusts and wild honey, and preaching a doctrine to strangers that was contrary to their habits of thinking and acting. How is it then, that a man under these circumstances could excite their confidence or even procure an audience? Let Masonry solve the difficulty. But it must not be imagined, that christianity has superseded Masonry and become independent of our assistance. No; the important object is yet in prospect before us. It remains for Masonry to prepare the way for that period, when all men shall be civilized by the Gospel, when fierce passions shall no longer exist, when the lion shall lie down with the lamb, that desirable crisis when morning stars will again have occasion to sing together, and the sons of God to shout for joy. Yes, the Masonic christian missionary can bring the wild Arab, the infatuated Mahometan, and the stubborn Jew, together in peaceful conference. Is it then true that an institution like this, the best calculated of all to prepare the way for so desirable an event, and which has ever been auxiliary to christianization, should be considered as diabolical and dangerous to christian association? A policy so contracted savours of Papal intolerance, and needs but power to enslave the conscience. Who is it that would dare to counteract the commandments of heaven, and insult the dignity of human nature, by imposing restraints on the social, charitable and benignant feelings of his fellow man? It is unworthy of the enlightened age and country in which we live, and incompatible with christian liberality. It is objected that we have some immoral and irreligious members of our order. We acknowledge it as our misfortune and in some degree as our fault. But you are not to judge of this or any other institution from the obliquity of some of its members; while you lose sight of its essential traits, and forget the number of great and good men who have been devoted patrons of the order. We are not able to search out the secrets of the heart, and, like other societies, we are liable to be imposed on. Besides, we deem it our duty to extend the most charitable construction to human actions on account of human frailty. Judas communed with Christ and his disciples

and Satan was once an inhabitant of Heaven; but were the disciples less pure, or is Heaven less desirable, on that account?

Does the exclusion of females from our meetings excite objection? It certainly should not, for Nature, in all her works, has consulted order and propriety, and has perhaps evinced it more strikingly in the different characters of the sexes than any where else. The soft fibre, delicate nerve, and playful intellect of the female, point to her particular sphere of action, and when contrasted with the less refined, but more athletic male, it will be found that nature has designed him to be her guardian, protector, counsellor, and friend; and although she has a right to participate in his principal joys as well as to share his afflictions, yet there are duties and engagements belonging exclusively to his own sphere of action, in which she cannot with propriety engage, but in which she must trust to his judgment, prudence and discretion. Among these engagements, Masonry may be regarded as one, in which allow me to persuade you, not to let your opposition betray your distrust of him, which, if indulged, would impair your common happiness, by sinking you both in the scale of society. For if a wife has not confidence in her husband, in the name of Heaven, who would trust him? Our rugged passions and coarser natures need the discipline of art, and particularly of Masonry, to develop and improve those finer sentiments and feelings that teach us to feel the wants of others, and to sympathise with misfortune. These qualities you have abundantly received by nature, and need no symbols to vibrate the chords of your sensibility. Oppositions and prejudices against our order of every kind & from every source will find us ever ready to forgive and forget. For until the blind are led in ways they have not known, and until darkness is made light before them, and crooked things straight, they will be liable to errors of judgment which are justly entitled to our charity.

With regard to the benevolent objects of our society, it does not become us particularly to speak. The hand of charity withers, and virtue itself grows dim, when displayed with ostentation. Let then the smile of the beggar, and the grateful tear of the widow and orphan silently proclaim, that it is the god-like province of Masonry to raise the cordial cup of consola-

tion to the lips of desponding misery. Speculative Masonry is a moral science derived from operative Masonry, from Revelation, and the works of creation, as displayed by the Supreme Architect of the universe; and as the human mind is slow but progressive in the attainment of knowledge, therefore our science is embraced in a graduated scale, commencing with the entered apprentice, who should recollect that he is only a tyro in the sacred mysteries, and stands as the foundation stone, in the north-east corner of the Lodge better to receive those instructions on which to build his future moral and masonic edifice

May the soft sound in safety reach his ear,
And touch dispel the needless fear,
A faithful mantle o'er the heart is flung,
Precautions that will cheat the tongue.

The fellow-craft is passed to a wider theatre of action, and gains admittance into a field of mental pleasure, where the natural is associated with the moral world, by symbols and scientific allusions calculated to discipline his mind to a love of morality, religion and science, and while his passions are circumscribed by the compasses, his actions can be squared by the sublime principles of virtue.

The Master Mason should be particularly mindful of the high character he should sustain and the important duties incumbent on him, ever industrious with his trowel in spreading the cement of brotherly love.

The Mark Master should mark well the entering of the house with every going forth of the sanctuary, and see, that none but square materials compose our buildings, and if there are any among you who are neither oblong nor square, let him be thrown over among the rubbish.

Present, Past, and Most Excellent Masters, knowing how to obey, you have learned to govern, and cannot be unmindful of your high responsibilities.

And you, my companions of the Royal Arch, may we sojourn in safety, and nobly press forward in the goodly cause without hope of fee or reward, except the reward of a good conscience,

Which nothing earthly gives or can destroy,
The soul's calm sunshine and the heart-felt joy,

The glowing rays of fervent red,
Should fill the heart with zeal,
While red and blue in purple wed,
To show what love we feel.

This principle of love, call it affection, friendship, charity or what you please, is at once the balm and joy of life, constitutes the nectar of the soul, without which our better feelings could be left to freeze. It is the cement of society, unites creation, and forms the principal link in that chain that binds earth to heaven. It is a passion and a feeling too strong for concealment, and yet it is a virtue and a sentiment too big for utterance.

OBITUARY.

DIED—In the town of Livingston, in the state of New York, Col. John M'Kinstry, aged 80. At the first call of his country, (says the Hudson Whig,) he engaged in her service; and from the memorable battle of Bunker's Hill, with which her sanguinary trials began, down to the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown, with which they gloriously ended, his zealous and official support was given to the cause of freedom. He had been repeatedly and severely wounded; and some of the enemy's balls he has borne with him to the tomb in which his remains are deposited. As a partizan officer he was particularly distinguished; and in many instances he showed, that to a daring spirit of gallantry, (which was, perhaps, his most peculiar characteristic,) he added the skill and conduct so seldom attained, and yet so indispensable to the formation of that character.

One incident in the life of this veteran, is too remarkable to be passed slightly over. At the battle of the Cedars, (thirty miles above Montreal, on the St. Lawrence,) Col. M'Kinstry, then a captain in Col. Patterson's regiment of continental troops, was twice wounded and taken prisoner by the Indians. The intrepidity of Capt. M'Kinstry as a partizan officer, to which we have alluded above, had rendered him alike the object of their fears, and of their unforgiving resentment. The British officers were too much in dread of their savage allies, on account of their vast superiority of numbers, to risk an interposition of their authority to prevent the horrid sacrifice they saw preparing. Already had the victim been bound to the tree, and surrounded by

the faggots intended for his immolation;—hope had fled;—and, in the agony of despair, he had uttered that mystic appeal which the brotherhood of Masons never disregard;—when, as if Heaven interposed for his preservation, the warrior BRANDT understood him and saved him.

Brandt had been educated in Europe; and had there been initiated into the mysteries of freemasonry. The advantage of education, and his native strength of mind, gave him an ascendancy over the uncultured sons of the forest, that few other chiefs possessed. Situated as he was, the impending danger of a brother must have forcibly brought to mind his obligation to support him in the time of peril. His utmost endeavors were accordingly used, and they were happily successful in obtaining for him an immediate respite, and an eventual ransom.

After the settlement of peace, he retired to the cultivation of his farm in the vicinity of Hudson; sustaining an unblemished reputation, and enjoying the reward of his toils and sufferings, in the respect which was accorded, as well to the rectitude of his private life, as to the patriotic services he had rendered his country.

His remains were, on June 10th, consigned to the tomb; and it is needless to say that an immense concourse of people were present to pay the last sad duties to one so honoured and esteemed.

His funeral obsequies were conducted by the Hudson Lodge; and there was a peculiar fitness—an impressive solemnity in performing the masonic rites of sepulture for a brother, whose connection with the order had once saved him from an untimely death, had given him back as an ornament to society for more than forty years, and afforded a proof so undeniable of the excellence of the institution.

One circumstance deserves to be recorded, as honorable to all the parties concerned. On hearing of the death of Brandt, Col. M'Kinstry, then quite infirm, came several miles to attend the next regular meeting of the Hudson Lodge; where he stated the obligation he owed to that Indian chief. It was unanimously voted that the members of the Lodge should wear the customary badge of mourning for a deceased brother, which was accordingly done.

MASONRY ENCOURAGING SCIENCE.

Alleghany College, founded at Meadville in Pennsylvania, in 1815, by a few enterprising individuals, has been favored with a patronage, mostly from abroad, worthy of grateful recollection. By the munificence of Bentley, Thomas, Winthrop, many booksellers and others, its library is supposed to be but the second, in point of value, belonging to any of the forty-nine collegiate institutions in the United States. Many donations of various kinds have been made to this college by individuals, and seven thousand dollars have been appropriated by the Legislature of Pennsylvania, yet its professorships are not endowed.

Not a few of its most active, persevering, and liberal friends in the vicinity of its location, and in a distant sister state, are members of the Masonic Fraternity. Western Star Lodge, No. 146, at Meadville, has conceived the design, and, with a liberality worthy of the craft, has commenced a subscription, in which sister lodges are promptly and cordially uniting, for the purpose of endowing a professorship in that college. The object is, to raise a sufficient sum, the interest only of which is to be appropriated from year to year, for the support of a learned mathematical professor, except such part as may be deemed necessary for purchasing a suitable apparatus. It is well known that the enlightened brethren of the ancient and honourable fraternity have ever considered it a duty, according to their avowed principles, to promote, as far as in their power, a knowledge of the arts and sciences calculated to benefit the world, and that whatever is ranked under the name of mathematics, has, from time immemorial, claimed their fostering care.

Western Star Lodge has recently issued a circular letter, addressed to all the lodges in Pennsylvania, respectfully inviting their brethren to co-operate in an object tending to scatter the light of important science in the regions of the west. The object accomplished, it is to be hoped that undue prejudices against a society in the records of which are multitudes, not easily numbered, of the most learned, pious, and excellent of the earth, will subside; that this enterprise may prove a public demonstration of the christian benevolence and patriotism, which, unknown

to the world, adorn and dignify and ennoble every masonic heart; and that it may stand a monument to the honour of the craft more durable than pillars of brick or of brass.

The President of Alleghany College has been deputed to visit the lodges, or at least as many members of every lodge in the state as may be practicable, to give explanations, obtain subscriptions, collect money, and to make arrangements for these purposes, where it may not be in his power fully to accomplish them in person. At the late grand quarterly communication, he made known agreeably to his instructions, the object contemplated, requesting the sanction of the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania, upon which the Grand Lodge was pleased to pass the following resolutions:

GRAND LODGE OF PENNSYLVANIA,

In Grand Quarterly Communication.

PHILADELPHIA, Monday, June 3, 1822, A. L. 5822.

Resolved, That the proposition from Western Star Lodge, No. 146, for endowing a professorship at Alleghany College submitted by our brother, the Rev. Timothy Alden, and to be known by the name of the Architectonic Mathematical Professorship of Alleghany College, has the approbation of the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania, as calculated, if carried into effect, to reflect honor upon the craft.

Resolved. That this Grand Lodge recommend to the officers and brethren of the subordinate lodges throughout the state to unite their efforts, as may be in their power, in raising by subscription a sum sufficient for endowing the said professorship and procuring a suitable apparatus.

Extract from the minutes.

GEORGE A. BAKER, Grand Secretary.

WEAKNESS OF THE OBJECTIONS AGAINST MASONRY.

The following elegant extract is from a sermon delivered by the Rev. Doct. Turner. It completely exposes the absurdity and weakness of the objections usually brought against our ancient and honorable fraternity, by the prejudiced and ignorant part of the

community, who 'speak evil of those things which they know not.'

"Masonry I affirm to be a mystic science, wherein, under apt figures, select numbers, and choice emblems, solemn and important truths, naturally tending to improve the understanding, to mend the heart, and to bind us more closely one to another, are most expressly contained. In proportion as the wise, the learned, and the good have studied it, they have loved it. But like all other virtuous characters or things, it has met with persecution. Its enemies have been many; nor have its friends been few. Mature reflection on the characters of its adversaries, in a great measure destroys all they say. For, in the first place, no truly sensible man will ever speak against what he doth not understand. There are some bigots in their opinions against it. It is, cry they, a bad thing, an unlawful thing, and a sinful thing. Why? because we detest it and abhor it. To pity such, is no mean part of Christian love; since, I am persuaded, that even in good hearts, the first emotions respecting them, were those of scorn and contempt. Of what use is it to reason with bigots, whether in religion, morals, or politics?

"There are some who speak against it, more from the vanity of saying somewhat on the point, than that they can urge a single rational objection. If it be good say they, why not tell it? But we apprehend, continue these wiseacres, there is nothing in it. As for words, signs, and tokens, all stuff, depend upon it, there are no such things. Now, what genuine son of ancient Masonry, would hold converse with such people? Let them prattle on; if it pleases any who hear, they must be as weak as themselves; and it never can injure you.

"The weightiest objection is yet to come, nor will I shrink from it. Many thinking, serious, and judicious persons, urge thus: The reason why we are enemies to Masonry, is the effects which, from close observation, we have repeatedly traced. We have seen those who call themselves warm, zealous Masons, most regular in their attendance on lodges, ready to go any lengths, both as to distance of place, loss of time, and expenses, in pursuit of Masonry, who never appeared at church, and frequently left their families without bread. Others we have re-

to the world, adorn and dignify and ennoble every masonic heart; and that it may stand a monument to the honour of the craft more durable than pillars of brick or of brass.

The President of Alleghany College has been deputed to visit the lodges, or at least as many members of every lodge in the state as may be practicable, to give explanations, obtain subscriptions, collect money, and to make arrangements for these purposes, where it may not be in his power fully to accomplish them in person. At the late grand quarterly communication, he made known, agreeably to his instructions, the object contemplated, requesting the sanction of the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania, upon which the Grand Lodge was pleased to pass the following resolutions:

GRAND LODGE OF PENNSYLVANIA,

In Grand Quarterly Communication.

PHILADELPHIA, Monday, June 3, 1822, A. L. 5822.

Resolved, That the proposition from Western Star Lodge, No. 146, for endowing a professorship at Alleghany College submitted by our brother, the Rev. Timothy Aiden, and to be known by the name of the Architectonic Mathematical Professorship of Alleghany College, has the approbation of the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania, as calculated, if carried into effect, to reflect honor upon the craft.

Resolved. That this Grand Lodge recommend to the officers and brethren of the subordinate lodges throughout the state to unite their efforts, as may be in their power, in raising by subscription a sum sufficient for endowing the said professorship and procuring a suitable apparatus.

Extract from the minutes.

GEORGE A. BAKER, Grand Secretary.

WEAKNESS OF THE OBJECTIONS AGAINST MASONRY.

The following elegant extract is from a sermon delivered by the Rev. Doct. Turner. It completely exposes the absurdity and weakness of the objections usually brought against our ancient and honorable fraternity, by the prejudiced and ignorant part of the

community, who 'speak evil of those things which they know not.'

"Masonry I affirm to be a mystic science, wherein, under apt figures, select numbers, and choice emblems, solemn and important truths, naturally tending to improve the understanding, to mend the heart, and to bind us more closely one to another, are most expressly contained. In proportion as the wise, the learned, and the good have studied it, they have loved it. But like all other virtuous characters or things, it has met with persecution. Its enemies have been many; nor have its friends been few. Mature reflection on the characters of its adversaries, in a great measure destroys all they say. For, in the first place, no truly sensible man will ever speak against what he doth not understand. There are some bigots in their opinions against it. It is, cry they, a bad thing, an unlawful thing, and a sinful thing. Why? because we detest it and abhor it. To pity such, is no mean part of Christian love; since, I am persuaded, that even in good hearts, the first emotions respecting them, were those of scorn and contempt. Of what use is it to reason with bigots, whether in religion, morals, or politics?

"There are some who speak against it, more from the vanity of saying somewhat on the point, than that they can urge a single rational objection. If it be good say they, why not tell it? But we apprehend, continue these wiseacres, there is nothing in it. As for words, signs, and tokens, all stuff, depend upon it, there are no such things. Now, what genuine son of ancient Masonry, would hold converse with such people? Let them prattle on; if it pleases any who hear, they must be as weak as themselves; and it never can injure you.

"The weightiest objection is yet to come, nor will I shrink from it. Many thinking, serious, and judicious persons, urge thus: The reason why we are enemies to Masonry, is the effects which, from close observation, we have repeatedly traced. We have seen those who call themselves warm, zealous Masons, most regular in their attendance on lodges, ready to go any lengths, both as to distance of place, loss of time, and expenses, in pursuit of Masonry, who never appeared at church, and frequently left their families without bread. Others we have re-

marked, apparently brimful of Masonry, and vastly fond of each brother, doubtless, in the lodge, according to their principles, who yet would cheat, deceive, and supplant those very brethren in trade, and the ordinary transactions of society. They would defame them, and were it practicable, we should behold them attempting to take, as it were, the very bread out of their mouths. Instead of being friends to mankind or one another, they are like wolves, preying with ferocity on whatever comes in their way.

“In the first place, the abuse of a thing is no valid objection to its inherent goodness. How many call themselves Christians, who are a disgrace to it, yet ultimately hurt not the gospel, but themselves? Besides, a man’s worth is not to be rated from his own exaggerated account of the matter, but from what he actually, uniformly, and absolutely is. The apostle has told us, that whosoever provideth not for his own is worse than an infidel; therefore we conclude that no good Mason will ever be deficient in the due performance of all moral and relative duties. If a man is negligent in religious points, depend on it he is good for little in the lodge.

“As to the second part of the objection, viz: that they will backbite and injure one another, it is too true. But what does it prove? simply this, that in the best institutions upon earth, worthless characters may occasionally be found. In the holy family itself consisting but of the twelve, one was a devil. Did that hurt the integrity of the eleven? far from it. Why lay the faults of a few at the doors of large respectable bodies of men, who by assiduously working at the craft, have done honor to human nature? Where the heart is bad, what can you expect from the tongue? After all, is it more than what happens in the most solemn duties of religion? Have there not been wretches who could go to the table of the Lord, and the very next day traduce the moral character of the minister from whose hands they received the holy sacrament? And if that was not making it to themselves the cup of devils, I know not what the apostle meant when he made use of those terms.

“Why need I multiply words to confirm it? Built on and drawn from revelation, must it not be of divine origin? Adorned by the beneficent actions and amiable virtues of thousands, the first in point of rank, knowledge, and moral excellence, of

every language, in every age and every clime, must it not possess an inherent worth? Thou Heaven-descended beam of light, beauty, and perfection! how oft hast thou been the means of saving life and property; reconciled the most jarring interests, and converted fiercest foes to dearest friends! On, on then, my dear brethren, pursue the great lecture with alacrity and firmness, each moving on the square of truth, by the compass of God's word, according to your respective stations, in all the rules of symmetry, order, and proportion. Nor dread when your earthly lodge shall be dissolved; your jewels will still be safe, and you shall be admitted into a more glorious lodge, even an house not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens; where angels and saints shall be your fellowcrafts and companions; and the Supreme Architect of the Universe, your ineffably great and glorious Grand Master—your light—your life—your joy—your all!



FOR THE MASONIC MISCELLANY.

MASONIC SONG.

I once was blind and could not see,
To steer my course aright,
I groped in darkness and in dread,
Without one gleam of Light.

At length within a Lodge I found,
A friend to guide me sure;
He led me past all dangerous ground,
He did for me still more.

He led me through a guarded road;
He prayed for my welfare,
He bade me trust Almighty God,
And fear no danger near.

Conducted by his friendly hand,
Upheld by God's own might,
I travell'd a long dreary road,
And reach'd the realms of Light.

And there in characters most bright,
My first great lesson read:
Love still thy neighbor, as thyself,
And ne'er forget thy God.

The light that was to me reveal'd,
When journeying I began,
Implied a something yet conceal'd
Of benefit to man.

To find that something I resolved,
And so set off apace:
But lo! a guard did check my speed,
'Ere I began my race.

He sternly ask'd me who came there,
He said "give me the word;
"Without it there 's no entrance here"—
Just then my friend appear'd.

He gave the word, and we passed on
And journey'd to the East:
He, *Mentor* like, staid by 'till when
More light my eyelids blessed.

He then to me explained the *Square*,
The *Level* and *Plumb-line*;
Apt emblems of Masonic art,
Great, glorious, divine.

By the bright light I now possess'd,
I very clearly did
Perceive from my too anxious sight
One half the *Compass* hid.

That jewel naked to behold,
Was now my only care;
And that I might not wrong proceed,
Did to my friend repair.

I told my object—ask'd the way,—
My friend made this reply:

It is a rough and dangerous road,
Where deaths in ambush lie,

But if to travel you 're resolved,
You shall not go alone,
I'll be your guide, your faithful friend,
And lead you where I've gone.

We travell'd on a dark rough road,
And Eastward strained our sight:
There the whole *Compass* stood reveal'd,
By streams of glorious Light.

Then with a kind benignant look,
My guide a *Trowel* gave,
Take *this*, he said, and with it spread
The true *Cement* of Love.



POETICAL ADDRESS,

BY BROTHER ANDREW C. MITCHELL.

WHEN first the world with all its woes began,
Man was the deadliest foe to fellow man;
And thus, in early days, ere laws had force
To guard the virtuous, or direct their course,
Societies were form'd; their end and aim,
To shelter weakness, and aspire to fame;
And in the highest rank, exalted see
Immortal stands our time-crown'd Masonry.
'Tis this we celebrate, and hail the day
Which gave new life to its expiring ray,
Which lights our world, as we its brethren prove,
To bonds of friendship, unity, and love.
Built on religion and on truths sublime,
Our fabric stands the favorite child of time:
Its corner stone and arch still perfect stand,
Nurs'd by his care and foster'd by his hand;
And though from clime to clime her children range,

They meet their fabrick still without a change.
The bible, compass, and the square proclaim
Religion, order, equity her aim,
And that her laws such principles impart.
As mend the morals and improve the heart.

Yet still to keep the sacred spot secure
From interruption and from steps impure,
Mysterious rites and solemn signs were giv'n,
Symbols of earthly love inspired by Heav'n;
These, like the night, and never ending time,
Live in obscurity, yet live sublime:
Search'd for by *all*, and yet by *all* unfound,
(Like diamonds, buried in the deepest ground,)
Except by Masons whose unfilmed eyes,
Explore the azure of the vaulted skies;
And as they worship mysteries they feel,
Revere those rites they dare not to reveal.

Yet notwithstanding to the world we prove
Our truth, our secrecy, and mutual love,
Still there are some, in ignorance, maintain
Our aims are vicious, and our ends are gain;
Heavens! could such vile injustice stain the shrine,
Which, God-like, beams with moral truths divine!
So just, so virtuous, that in Heaven's own sphere,
Angels themselves might Masonize it there.
Behold those climes where superstition reigns,
Their children bound in ignorance and chains;
How stands our order there? — Abused, defac'd,
Robb'd of its honors, slighted and disgrac'd.
Who dares to be an honest Mason there,
Is doom'd a dungeon's dreary gloom to share,
To waste his life in unavailing pray'rs,
In endless hopes, and agonizing tears:
For *superstition*, where she reigns, controuls
The noblest impulse of the noblest souls;
Hid in her cowl, and nurs'd in monkish gloom,
She meditates on mis'ry and the tomb.
The face of nature, blooming in its pride,

Is lost, is dead, where fanatics preside;
For *superstition* teaches them to fear
That which their better reason would revere,
To hold our order as an impious league,
Our mysteries—mischief; and our rites—intrigue;
Bids them believe what reason would deride,
That we with fiends and demons are allied;
And that with *magic word*, or mystic spell,
We can upraise the ministers of hell.
Unhappy climes! which thus in fetters bind
The best, the noblest priv'lege of the mind;
And by enslaving reason, thus debase
Man's boldest energies, and blast his race!
Yet blessed! oh doubly blessed, this happy land!
Bless'd by that freedom which our fathers plann'd,
That noble birthright each has sworn to guard,
Strain next his heart, and wear upon his sword;
'Tis here, no monkish fears appal the heart;
Reason our guide, philosophy our chart:
'Tis here, religion feels no despot's rod,
And man, in all his strength, adores his God:
Bound by no dogmas, here religion reigns,
Not dress'd with gewgaws nor deniled by chains;
Bound by no form, each bends before the throne,
And worships Heaven on principles his own.
How stands our order here?—On virtue's base;
Which time must strengthen and can ne'er deface.
On this bless'd clime, where heaven born freedom stood,
Burst slav'ry's chains and dashed the despot's rod,
(Immortal WASHINGTON! her chosen son,
To gild those honors which his valour won;)
On this bless'd clime auspicious fates preside,
To guard our temple, and its votaries guide;
For he, the hero Washington, has borne,
Our sacred secret, and our honours worn;
And now translated to celestial skies,
He reigns the guardian of our mysteries.
Yet not alone to mysteries allied,

H

The Mason boasts a *talismanic* guide,
His *shield* and *buckler* in the hour of wo,
Which oft hath sav'd him from the infuriate foe;
And when no human skill his life could save,
Hath snatch'd him from the margin of the grave;
For lo! the traveller, by land or tide,
Or borne by "scarfed bark" o'er waters wide,
Who, while he marks the hours which fly,
Now builds on hope, or dreads his destiny,
If by a savage corsair he be met,
And death must be the forfeit of defeat,
How droops his heart, as mem'ry, ever true,
Paints ev'ry cherished object to his view,
Of sister, parents, children, wife forlorn,
Who shall his loss deplore, in anguish mourn;
Or if on Afric's dry and barren sand,
Or in the north, where ice envelops land,
If by adventure, or misfortune thrown,
Where savage plunder marks him for her own,
Chill'd is his heart, for succour is afar—
And blood, and murder, mark this desp'rate war.
Suppose him here! by savage fury press'd,
The victor's steel now pointed at his breast,
Or high uprais'd, is brandish'd o'er his head,
Which if it fall, he slumber with the dead;
One hope yet lives: he lifts his eyes to Heaven,
And gives that sign by none but Masons given;
As quick as lightning falls the conqueror's sword,
Palsied his arm, and gasping for the word;
An instant's pause—he folds him in his arms,
Guards him from ill, and shelters him from harms,
To Heaven's high throne the wanderer's prayers ascent,
That in his deadliest foe he met a friend.
Are such thy powers, blest Masonry divine!
Blest be thy altars, cherish'd be thy shrines;
And may his hand, who Heaven's high thunders hurl'd;
The *Mighty Master Mason of the World*,
Protect thy *Temple*, that my deeds may rise,
With *Virtue* crown'd, immortal to the skies.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

AN ORATION

Delivered BY G. W. RIDGELY, Esq. *in the Chapel of Transylvania University, on the 4th day of July, 1822.*

FIFTY years have now nearly filled up their cycle, since America proclaimed to the nations of the earth, that she would be free. During that period there have been wars and rumors of wars. Nation has risen against nation, and the sword that was dyed with the blood of millions, is scarcely yet dry in its scabbard. While thousands have had the chains of slavery still more firmly riveted around them, America is yet free; peace is in all her borders, and that vigour and enterprize which are necessary to maintain these blessings, are still the characteristics of her hardy population.

Scarcely was the revolutionary conflict ended, and the foe driven from our shores, when prosperity, such as had never before been known, crowned our industry. Splendid cities rose from the ashes of war; verdure and fertility covered the fields which blood had dyed, and the sword had ravaged. Our commerce whitened the ocean with its sails; and farthest India heard or told the rising glories of this Western World. Every Census has enumerated our growing strength, and every succeeding year confirms the stability of our institutions. In the progress of refinement and diffusion of arts, this country knows no parallel in the history of the world. Her cultivated manners, her increasing literature, her glowing eloquence, the institutions that mark her public spirit and benevolence, place a nation of fifty years on a level with those which had all the resources of antiquity at their command. Our *Orators* fill every department that can delight and instruct; and whether in the pulpit, at the bar, or in the popular assembly, we have men, who emulate all that Greece or Rome can boast, for our veneration and applause. The writings of our physicians have become standards of authority in distant

countries. RUSH is a name dear to genius every where, and universal Science has wept over the grave of BARTON! In all the arts which ameliorate and minister to the comforts of human life, American genius has made the most brilliant progress; and if in those which are merely ornamental we have not rivalled the perfection of ancient models, in all that is useful we confessedly bear off the palm.

My friends, what was this state, no longer ago than one short half century? Nay, what was the scene presented in the place where we are now assembled? The ray of the morning scarcely penetrated the thick night of the forest; the wild beast here made his lair, or still wilder Indian pursued his game. Now we behold a City, the seat of elegance and refinement! Now we see solemn Temples and splendid Palaces, and all the pageantry of polished life, and hear that animating tumult which announces the thousand connections of social industry. Around us our fields are waving with luxuriant harvests and our store houses are filled with plenty. The forest still recedes before our advancing cultivation, and wherever its foot is planted, springs of water break forth in the wilderness, and the "desert blossoms as the rose."

It is to commemorate these blessings, and the achievements by which they were accomplished, that we this day assemble. The principle is sacred. Succeeding generations have applauded the feelings which it manifested in the earliest ages of society, Jubilees, feasts, and sacred days recorded their triumphs and the gratitude that was felt for them. And, my countrymen, if you would have every soul in the community filled with the *amor patriæ*, encourage those observances that create national feelings and awaken the national partialities of your country. Then will the *orator* within be heard maintaining her laws and constitution; then will the *soldier* on her frontier be seen rushing to defend her honor and avenge her injuries; then will the pen of the *historian* glow with the recital of her achievements; then will her glory and renown swell the strains of her *bards*.

The first spirit that shed a benign influence upon the nacent being of our country was LIBERTY. Liberty smiled on her cradle and played around her infant path-way. That Liberty is a

blessing of inestimable value, the whole history of mankind conspires to prove. To deprive a nation of influence over transactions in which themselves are deeply interested, is to rob them of the dearest rights of freemen. The condition, which this induces, is ignominious vassalage; the power, by which that condition is maintained, is Tyranny.

If any where the earth refuses to yield her increase, and her bright luxuriance be faded into heathy barrenness; if any where the arts are neglected and their monuments mouldering to decay; if any where the spirits of men are broken, and the chains of ignorance and sordid superstition are riveted around him; it is where they have ceased to govern themselves, have relinquished rights that they ought to have deemed unalienable, and have forgotten that they were born to be free. In that land where Marathon and Thermopylæ record the triumphs of freedom, where in endless variety and profusion were displayed every monument that art could model, or taste embellish; where industry opened every source of opulence, and skill directed its combinations to the highest improvement; where the human mind achieved some of its noblest flights, and exhibited its most brilliant operations; there ignorance sits brooding! the slave cowers to the hand of his master; the "mindless Ottoman" tramples upon the grave of *Pericles* and *Cimon*!! A shattered column, a few broken marbles, a decayed inscription, are all that remain to tell of the arts and glories of Greece!

When the Greeks grew too indolent to govern themselves, they found a master in Philip of Macedon; and the chains which he forged were riveted by the hands of the Romans, until master and slave sunk together in the dust, beneath that grasp which even now refuses to let go its hold.

Liberty is also a blessing which is seldom purchased at too dear a rate. For if with it perish all those rights and privileges that are her ornaments and boast, those honors that stimulate the energy of virtue, those that weave their freshest garland for the Patriot's brow, and base servility and fawning wretchedness succeed, life were a burden worthless to bear, unless to attempt an emancipation.

But rather than submit to this and see the ignominious yoke

fastened upon the necks of his children, a BRUTUS could play the *driveling idiot*, stifle the voice of nature, and shed his dearest blood upon the altar of his country's liberty! We admire the motive, we applaud his object, but abhor the deed. Nor have we felt any of that "kindling majesty" which the Poet calls for the deed of the other Brutus when he rose so "refulgent from the stroke of Cæsar's fate"—Cæsar, his friend, his patron, the benefactor of his family!

Animated by the same sentiments, but controlled by far better principles, other heroes have arisen in other countries, to defend the liberties of mankind. Switzerland had her Tell, Holland her House of Orange, England her Hampden, and America—last but greatest of them all—her Washington.

Next to the establishment of national liberty, a general diffusion of LEARNING has been the most efficient cause of our national happiness. I need not argue in this "nursery of knowledge," and before this intelligent assembly, that a nation's glory does not consist in the abundance of its riches. No! Development of *mind* must always graduate national importance. What are all the beauties of landscape, and all the bounties of nature, and all the aggrandizement of wealth, and all the barbaric pearls and gold, that the gorgeous East with spendthrift hand ever showered upon her monarchs, when compared with that moral illumination which Science sheds upon society? Tyre and Carthage are known only in their ruins. The shades of oblivion every where encurtain the rigors of ignorance and despotism; while the country of Socrates and Plato, of Demosthenes and Æschylus, of Phidias and Praxiteles shall live forever; in the songs of her poets, the exquisite productions of her artists, and her soul subduing eloquence. What has given to Europe the ascendancy over Asia? And what has caused the superiority of France and England over the continent of Europe? And why now does the Autocrat of the Russias inspire with a prospective terror half the Eastern World? It is because of the energy of growing Intellect.

Be it ours then, my countrymen, to encourage Learning; when blended with piety, it is the safest guardian of infancy, the surest guide of youth, the strongest stay of manhood, and the pur-

est consolation of old age. And surely if there is a spot on earth which Nature seems to have intended as a "nursery for the mind," it is that now occupied by the town of Lexington. Embosomed in fertility, we enjoy every advantage which climate, soil, or situation can bestow. Here, where in the brief recollection of less than forty years, an interminable wilderness spread its gloom, a splendid city reflects the beams of day; the forest has bowed to the industry of man; the rounding hills display their cultivated verdure; the lowing herds breathe life to the swelling vales, and the hum of happy labours comes cheerful on the ear. The Portico and Lyceum invites the votaries of philosophy, and in the midst the Sanctuary erects an altar where every worldly sorrow may be forgotten, and every human woe may find its appropriate comfort. Commerce once announced our enterprize, with delusive promises, and tantalized cupidity with her golden lure. But commerce has fled, forever, to a more congenial home, and when she has left wealth behind her, it is the polish, and luxury of wealth, freed from the turmoil by which it was procured. The same flood that swept the foundation of our mercantile prosperity, swept also away the feculence of floating population, and if it has left us a poorer society, it is also one which has been somewhat purified. With these advantages, Lexington must soon become the established abode of learning, where Literature reposes in the bowers of Taste, and tranquil Science, undisturbed by the roar of Life, gathers industriously her stores of knowledge.

Perhaps I fondly magnify the advantages of my native place, and view with an enthusiast's eye the beauties of its scenery. But it was the theatre of my early sports, in that delightful season when the heart beat wild, and "life was in its spring;" when Fancy hung a harp in every breeze, that played sweet music to the dancing spirits, and young Desire saw some golden promises glittering on every object. Ah! 'tis to me the pleasing "scene of many a boyish frolic." And as in the school of life, I learn the lessons of experience—that the future will not always perform the promises of the present; that the realities of society do not always harmonize with the reveries of speculative solitude—and cease to expect that "bright to-morrow of the mind, which nev-

er comes;" as time wears away, and the buoyancy of youth sinks into the sobriety of increasing manhood, or when the vigor of manhood shall fail beneath the decrepitude of advancing years; no matter where my destiny may lead me, (though in foreign climates, and through distant countries "I wend my lonely way")—still dear to my mind will be the recollections of my infancy, hallowed in remembrance the HOME OF MY YOUTH.

It is our duty and our interest then, my countrymen, to emulate the examples of antiquity in all the arts of peace. We have already proved that the more warlike virtues were not peculiar to a Grecian or a Roman age. Witness, for this, our whole military history.

England forgot from what nation we were descended. Her ships scoured our coasts; her artillery thundered around our marts of commerce; the blood of our citizens weltered in their fields, till at length a thousand—ten thousand voices called aloud for "redress" and WASHINGTON, already *The First*, girded on his armour, and bared his bosom to the storm. These men of revolutionary times, had that within them which could not bend to power, when the compromise of their rights was the sacrifice required. No! exclaimed they in the ebullition of their indignant patriotism, "let the silken trappings of luxury, the downy couch of ease, and stars of honor be all forgotten—the cold rock for a bed, yon blue vault for a covering, a "lodge in some vast wilderness" for our eternal home; rather than be insulted by the voice of the Oppressor, or see our children tremble beneath the frown of Tyrants. This spirit conquered every difficulty: opulence is always the reward of industry; and political happiness, the concomitant of public virtue. Our infant settlements soon assumed the aspect of a growing nation, and the discerning politician, surveying the variety and abundance of their resources, soon could trace the outline of a mighty empire.

The French Republic attempted by force what they could not obtain by persuasion. The commander of our armies proved himself worthy of his great name. The thunder of our cannon was heard around all the coasts of France, to her most distant settlements. Her flag was chased from the ocean; her commerce was every where despoiled, and our little navy gave good

promise of its after greatness. Since then we have seen dimmed by its glories, the lustre of that pendant which had braved for a thousand years "the battle and the breeze;" and it has taught the self named *Mistress of the ocean*, that though her "march be on the mountain wave," she is not beyond our vengeance, nor safe from the war's desolation, though "her home be on the deep."

So fared it with the bold sea robbers of the Mediterranean. Much of our property had fallen a prey to their rapacity; many of our citizens pined under the rigors of bondage, in the dungeons of Tunis. The gallant Truxton and chivalrous Decatur, —names that shed a never fading splendour, around our Naval History—humbled the pride of their ferocity, and gave security once more to our Commerce. Lamented Decatur! would that, like Lawrence, thou hadst fallen on the field of Glory. Hadst thou perished on the ramparts of Tunis, in the bold assault; thy memory would have been wept by the Good, and honoured by the Brave of all the world. But thou didst fall—where? Honor blushed, Nature turned pale, Virtue fled from a scene so dark and so appalling! Oh! I would not be the coward minion of that maniac thing that men call *Honor*!! I had rather be a galley slave, and tug the oar for life—No! let me be bound hand and foot: let this frail perishable *body* be bowed to the earth beneath a load of chains—but save me, Oh! save me, from the SLAVERY OF THE MIND!

If proof be demanded that we still maintain the spirit of the revolution, let Britain tell of her thousands slaughtered in our late brilliant contest. She had betrayed a jealousy that still rankles in her bosom, and indulged a cruelty, which we can never forget, and I fear never will forgive. Let Orleans and Chipeway tell of our gallantry and firmness. Let the shades of Pakenham and Ross tell that Americans can neither be driven by the bayonet, nor awed by the devastations of a vandal. That we have not degenerated from our Fathers in the virtues of war Jackson, Scott, Gaines Harrison, and a hundred others, still live to testify on earth:—Lawrence, Perry, Pike, Allen, and Kentucky's own hero, the honored Daveiss, the patriot, the soldier and the statesman, have given in their evidence before the Chancery of Heaven.

The influence of liberty and increasing knowledge upon the destinies of this flourishing Republic, has been hastily alluded to. A few brief and rapid strokes, in portraiture of a man who was the best champion of the one, and an efficient patron of the other, will close my humble participation in the solemnities of this animating Jubilee. A full delineation of his character is far from my design; no limner has ever yet caught the majesty of that illustrious profile. I purpose only to remember the deeds of his glory, and faintly to record the feelings of my gratitude. I would lay one humble memorial of love upon the monument which his virtues have emblazoned: I would hang my little wreath of praise amidst the festoons of never-dying amaranths.

WASHINGTON saw his country abounding in all physical resources, and he knew that it was only *mind*, which could appropriate and combine them for happiness and glory. In life, therefore, he fostered learning, and at death he bequeathed liberal endowments for its advancement. Illustrious man! while Virtue leads her pilgrim children to thy grave, Science shall crown the Urn with her richest garlands. He was the friend of Learning. He was also the brave defender of Liberty.

A war which forgets its own usages, which neither pities nor spares, which riots in the cries of the helpless, and the shrieks of the unoffending; a war as relentless as it was unnatural, raged its work of death in the bosom of America!! The scene every day grew darker and sadder; the iron drops of a cloud that had gathered thick and thundered low, fell faster and heavier. *Hope*, on her highest eminence, could scarce descry a beam to relieve the sombre hue. All beneath her was dismay. But when every eye was sunken, and every countenance grew dark, and every heart had failed; there was an eye that never dimmed, there was a cheek that never blanched, there was a heart firm to resolve and bold to execute something for the nation's liberty. In the depth of winter, when the enemy lay carousing at their *CAPUA*, dreaming of easy conquest in the spring; at the dead of night, with an army half fed, and not half clothed, *Washington* crossed the ice bound Delaware, traversed the flinty roads of Jersey and at day-break announced, by the roar of his

cannon, the storming of Princeton and of Trenton.—Then, my country, thy Guardian Angel was seen to lift up her drooping head; then her smile gladdened all thy scenery, and waving once more thy broken banner to the breeze, she called her sons to the tented field, and led them on “conquering and to conquer.”

It was this brilliant movement which convinced Europe that America could, and that she would be free. France joined her; their united arms were crowned with success, and the starred banner waved triumphant wherever it was spread. The reduction of Yorktown, with the capture of a well appointed army under one of their most famous Generals, soon after closed our Revolutionary War; a war which gave to America her independence and to the world a man who was the admiration of his own age, his country's glory, and whose name shall be the theme of panegyric, through every succeeding æra. What must have been the sensations of that man, when, after the storm was over, reclining beneath the shades of his own Vernon, he could reflect that his country ranked among the nations of the earth, and that to his exertions she was indebted for the boon of liberty! Cincinnatus may have felt such, but there was a *fullness* in their bliss reserved only for our ascended Patriot. The glory of Washington gilds the past history of his country: it will light the march of her future greatness, and fade only in that gloom which shall settle around the *ruins of the Republic*.

He has passed away from us, and left many behind eminent for virtue and resplendent in talents; but “take him all in all we ne'er shall look upon his like again.” In the language of a popular historian, “He seems to have been the complete model of that perfect character which the Philosophers of antiquity were fond of delineating, rather as a figment of their own imaginations, than with the hope of ever seeing it realized.” No matter how we view him, in whatever station, whether humble or exalted; in whatever office, whether civil or military; amidst whatever relations, whether as a private citizen, or the ruler of a mighty empire, he is equally great in all, filling up exactly the duties of each, and defective in none. But it is chiefly in the more active parts of his career, that we find most splendidly disclosed the powers of his mighty mind. Many and bright are the names

that shine in the annals of war. But there is always some one feature, some characteristic of peculiar brilliancy that challenges for each the tribute of our administration. In Washington we find a complete assemblage of the rarest excellencies. Alexander was daring, Fabius was cautious, Pyrrhus was skilful, Hannibal intrepid; the Great Frederick was never so terrible as after a defeat, but knew not how to improve his victories; while the mighty Napoleon, who broke like a thunder bolt on the charge, when fortune changed, was sometimes seen foremost among the flying. Aristides was just, Scipio humane, Cæsar clement, Cato of incorruptible integrity; but what shall we say of Washington? Truth in its soberest guise wears too much the semblance of eulogium; and yet his integrity, his clemency, his love of justice are embalmed in everlasting remembrance. Had he been rash like the Macedonian Hero, or less cautious than Fabius, like Frederick had he failed to improve his victories, or like Bonaparte ran away when he was defeated; had he not combined the wisdom and intrepidity of the most celebrated captains, with original virtues of his own, we should not now be assembled in the joy of freedom, to commemorate "the anniversary of our Independence."

And now, my country, I have somewhat to say—against thee. Twenty years are gone, since, under the first impulse of grief, thy gratitude solicited his remains. But yet there is no monument! Yes. America, thy first and greatest Son lies in a grave unhonoured by thee. 'Tis but lately that I, a traveller in its vicinity, paid my passing tribute to the hallowed scene. The green sod covers the narrow house; above, the willow droops its pensile branches; beneath, Potomac rolls her dark blue wave. The *Nation's Monument* towers—NOT THERE!!

If gratitude be not due to this distinguished man, then let it cease to have a claim upon the earth. And in the assembly of the nation may a Kentuckian be the first to urge this claim and vindicate his country's honor. It is for those who come after you, it is for yourselves, that you should honour the illustrious dead: It is that this last of republics may transmit its blessings to remote posterity; that yonder Sun, in its revolutions yet to come, may see the principles of our constitution flourish with undecay-

ing vigor, bright as its own light, beneficial as its own influence, and boundless as its own resplendent circuit.

It is most true, that neither brass nor marble can record his fame, or perpetuate his memory. They are united with the destinies of his country. They shall live with America; and when the Column of her Glory shall be reared up on high, gilding with immortal splendour the very barriers of the World, the eyes of all nations, gazing at its summit, shall see rayed in its beams the name of WASHINGTON.

Let Kentucky awake! arouse from her past apathy, and place herself first on the rolls of gratitude, as she even now aspires to be first in *Wealth*, in *Learning*, and in *Laws*. And why may not Kentucky endeavor to be foremost in every thing that is good? Why may she not aspire for her sons to the highest honours that society can bestow? Have they less patriotism or less valor? Let our enemies in the late glorious conflict (as being most familiar with the subject.) decide that question. Have they less talent? Let our sister MISSOURI, remembering, as she ought, her recent struggle on the floor of Congress, respond to the enquiry. A whole nation, rescued from the horrors of civil war, will echo back her answer:

One word more, and I have done. The wilderness has smiled around us, but whose rod broke the flinty rock, and educed those streams of plenty which every where refresh and fertilize the land. I cannot admire the cautionary calculation, I cannot chill my feelings by tracing through the coldness of a reflective process the blessings we enjoy. The happiness which animates this expanded scene comes home in such strong sensations to my bosom that all intermediate means are lost in the contemplation of their GREAT FIRST CAUSE; the giver of every good, the parent of Universal Being; for the magnitude of whose power nothing is too great, for the minuteness of whose protection nothing is too small. He does not sit idly upon the throne of the Universe, playing with his sceptre. No! his omniscient eye, beaming from the centre of Eternity, expands itself in mercy over all creation. In all our ways, let us not fail to remember him; in all times, whether tranquil or tumultuous; in all conditions, whether conspicuous or obscure; through all the connec-

tions of life, whether private or *political*. When the night of her adversity was most dark, his hand lighted up the Pillar of Fire, which led onward our despairing and bewildered country, and he now hangs a bright Cloud from Heaven to guide us in this the day of our prosperity.



LADIES' LITERARY MAGAZINE.

LEXINGTON FEMALE ACADEMY.

It is but little more than a year, since we congratulated the community on the establishment, among us, of an institution calculated to give to the female mind its proper degree of cultivation and to afford to young the Ladies of the west, advantages for early education not surpassed in older, more wealthy, and more improved parts of our country. We are happy to find that our anticipations have been fully realized in the usefulness and success of this highly valuable and important institution. The following statement, annexed to a Catalogue, recently published, of the Instructors and Pupils of the Academy, will furnish a correct idea of its present situation and must inspire the most encouraging hopes of its future prosperity and increasing usefulness.

"Its object embraces a complete systematic course of Female Education. The spirit, the enterprize, the genius, and the resources, of the *West*, demand such an Institution. Local advantages have fixed it at Lexington. If wisely conducted and properly supported, it will soon, like *Transylvania University*, add lustre to our country. This University, rapidly rising under its present liberal and enlightened President, already numbers *Four hundred members*. The Academy, in one year, has admitted *one hundred and sixty three*. Who then can say, that Kentucky is unfriendly to Literature? Who can say, that she is *indifferent* to the cultivation of intellect, to the best interests of the rising generation? The patronage she extends to seminaries of Learning does honor to the state. The records of her last legislature indicate the march of sentiment, and bespeak the spirit of munificence, by which she is actuated; and,

should this spirit continue, she will soon be seen a leading and brilliant star, among the luminaries of the West.

As to the *Female Academy*, the PRINCIPAL has no favour to ask, but respectfully to solicit a *continuance* of that patronage, under which he has so happily commenced; a patronage, which he is proud to acknowledge, and which, he doubts not, will still be extended, *so long as it shall be deserved*. If he has redeemed the numerous pledges of his friends in his favour, he is abundantly satisfied. He has no object of ambition, but the Academy; no wish, but to *create and establish, the best Female Seminary west of the Alleghany*. If his exclusive attention, his personal self devotion, to this great object, can ensure its success, *it will succeed*. It has already succeeded, beyond his most sanguine expectations. An impulse is already given, which nothing can resist, and whose future consequences few can appreciate. Similar institutions will soon be established, throughout the Western States. Female intellect will be developed; new virtues, new powers, new charms, will be gradually unfolded; and their benign influence will be extensively felt, in every part of society, by the rising generation. Virtuous and enlightened mothers will soon make a virtuous and enlightened community. On this alone depend the permanency of our present system of Government, and the prosperity of those republican institutions, which are, at once, the glory of our own country, and the envy and admiration of the World."

THE STOUT GENTLEMAN.

From "Bracebridge Hall, a new work by WASHINGTON IRVINE, Esq.

I was dreadfully hipped. The hours seemed as if they would never creep by. The very ticking of the clock became irksome. At length the stillness of the house was interrupted by the ringing of a bell. Shortly after I heard the voice of a waiter at the bar, "The Stout Gentleman, in No. 13, wants his breakfast, tea and bread and butter, with ham and eggs, the eggs not to be too much done."

In such a situation as mine every incident is of importance. Here was a subject of speculation presented to my mind, and ample exercise for my imagination. I am prone to paint pictures to myself, and on this occasion I had some materials to work upon. Had the guest up stairs been mentioned as Mr.

Smith, or Mr. Brown, or Mr. Jackson, or Mr. Johnson; or merely as the gentleman in No. 13, it would have been a perfect blank to me. I should have thought nothing of it. But "the Stout Gentleman! ———" the very name had something in it of the picturesque. It at once gave the size, it embodied the personage to my mind's eye, and my fancy did the rest. "He was stout, or as some term it, lusty; in all probability therefore he was advanced in life; some people expanding as they grow old. By his breakfasting rather late, and in his own room, he must be a man accustomed to live at his ease, and above the necessity of early rising; no doubt a round, rosy, lusty old gentleman."

There was another violent ringing. The Stout Gentleman was impatient for his breakfast. He was evidently a man of importance; "well to do in the world," accustomed to be promptly waited upon, of keen appetite, and a little cross when hungry; "perhaps" thought I "he may be some London alderman; or who knows but he may be a member of parliament?"

The breakfast was sent up, and there was a short interval of silence; he was doubtless making the tea. Presently there was a violent ringing, and before it could be answered, another ringing still more violent. "Bless me what a choleric old gentleman!" The waiter came down in a huff. The butter was rancid; the eggs were overdone; the ham was too salt. The Stout Gentleman was evidently nice in his eating, one of those who eat and growl, and keep the waiter on the trot, and live in a state militant with the household.

The hostess got into a fume. I should observe she was a brisk, coquettish woman; a little of a shrew, and something of a slammerkin, but very pretty withal; with a nincompoop for a husband, as shrews are apt to have. She ranted the servants roundly for their negligence in sending up so bad a breakfast! but said not a word against the Stout Gentleman; by which I clearly perceived that he must be a man of consequence, entitled to make a noise and to give trouble at a country inn. Other eggs and ham and bread and butter were sent. They appeared to be more graciously received; at least there was no further complaint.

I had not made many turns about the travellers' room when

there was another ringing. Shortly after there was a stir, and an inquest about the house. "The Stout Gentleman wanted the Times or the Chronicle newspaper." I set him down, therefore, for a whig; or rather from his being so absolute and lordly where he had a chance, I suspected him of being a radical. Hunt I had heard was a large man; "who knows," thought I, "but it is Hunt himself?"

My curiosity began to be awakened. I inquired of the waiter who was this Stout Gentleman that was making all this stir; but could not get information. Nobody seemed to know his name. The landlords of bustling inns seldom trouble their heads about the names of their transient guests. The colour of a coat, the shape or size of the person, is enough to suggest a travelling name. It is either the tall gentleman or the short gentleman; or the gentleman in black; or the gentleman in snuff colour, or, as in the present instance, the Stout Gentleman; a designation of the kind once hit on answers every purpose, and saves all further enquiry.

Rain—rain—rain! pitiless, ceaseless rain! no such thing as putting a foot out of doors; and no occupation or amusement within. Bye and bye I heard some body walking over head. It was in the Stout Gentleman's room. He evidently was a large man by the heaviness of his tread; and an old man from his wearing such creaking soles. "He is, doubtless," thought I, "some rich old square toes, of regular habits; and is now taking exercise after breakfast."

I now read all the advertisements of coaches and hotels that were stuck about the mantle piece. The Ladies' Magazine had become an abomination to me; it was as tedious as the day itself. I wandered out, not knowing what to do, and ascended again to my room. I had not been there long when there was a squall from a neighboring bed room. A door opened and slammed violently; a chambermaid, that I had remarked for a ruddy good humoured face, went down stairs in a violent flurry. The Stout Gentleman had been rude to her.

This sent a whole host of my deductions to the deuce in a moment. This unknown personage could not be an old gentleman; for old gentlemen are not apt to be so obstreperous to

chambermaids. He could not be a young gentleman, for young gentlemen are not apt to inspire such indignation. He must be a middle aged man, and confoundedly ugly into the bargain, or the girl would not have taken the matter in such terrible dudgeon. I confess I was sorely puzzled. In a few minutes I heard the voice of my landlady. I caught a glance of her as she came tramping up stairs, her face glowing, her cap flaring, her tongue wagging the whole way.

"She'd have no such doings in her house, she'd warrant. If gentlemen did spend their money freely it was no rule. She'd have no servantmaids of hers treated in that way, when they were about their work, that's what she would'nt."

As I hate squabbles, particularly with women, and above all with pretty women, I slunk back into my room and partly closed the door; but my curiosity was too much excited not to listen. The landlady marched intrepidly to the enemy's citadel, and entered it with a storm. The door closed after her. I heard her voice in her high windy clamour for a moment or two. Then it gradually subsided, like a gust of wind in a garret. Then there was a laugh, then I heard nothing more. After a little while my landlady came out with an odd smile on her face, adjusting her cap, which was a little one side. As she went down stairs I heard the landlord ask her what was the matter; she said, "nothing at all—only the girl's a fool." I was more than ever perplexed what to make of this unaccountable personage, who could put a good-natured chambermaid in a passion and send away a termagant landlady in smiles. He could not be so old, nor cross, nor ugly either.

I had to go to work at this picture again and to paint him entirely different. I now set him down for one of those Stout Gentlemen that are frequently met with swaggering about the doors of country inns; moist, merry fellows, in Belcher handkerchiefs; whose bulk is a little assisted by malt liquors; men who have seen the world and have been sworn at Highgate, who are used to tavern life, up to all the tricks of tapsters, and knowing in the ways of sinful publicans; free livers on a small scale; who are prodigal within the compass of a guinea; who call all the waiters by name, touse the maids; gossip with the

landlady at the bar, and prose over a pint of port, or a glass of negus after dinner.

The morning wore away in forming these and similar surmises. As fast as I wove one system of belief, some movement of the unknown would completely overturn it, and throw all my doubts into confusion. Such are the ordinary doubts of a feverish mind. I was, as I said, extremely nervous, and the continual meditation on the concerns of this invisible personage began to have its effect. I was getting into a fit of the fidgets.

Dinner time came. I hoped the Stout Gentleman might dine in the traveller's room, and that I might at length get a view of his person; but no, he had dinner served in his own room. What could be the meaning of this solitude and mystery? He could not be a radical; there was something too aristocratical in thus keeping himself apart from the rest of the world, and condemning himself to his own dull company throughout a rainy day. And then too he lived too well for a contented politician. He seem to expatiate on a variety of dishes, and to sit over his wine like a jolly friend of good living.

Indeed, my doubts on this head were soon at an end; for he could not have finished his first bottle before I could faintly hear him humming a tune; and on listening, I found it to be "God save the King." 'Twas plain then he was no radical, but a faithful subject; one that grew loyal over his bottle, and was ready to stand by King and Constitution when he could stand by nothing else. But who could he be!—my conjectures began to grow wild—was he not some personage of distinction travelling incog? "God knows!" said I at my wit's end, "it may be one of the royal family for ought I know, for they are all Stout Gentlemen."

The weather continued rainy. The mysterious unknown kept his room, and as far as I could judge, his chair; for I did not hear him move. In the mean time, as the day advanced, the travellers' room began to be frequented. Some who had just arrived came in buttoned up in box coats; others came home who had been dispersed about town. Some took their dinners, and some their tea. Had I been in a different mood, I should have found entertainment in studying this peculiar class of men

There were two especially, who were regular wags of the road, and up to all the standing jokes of travellers. They had a thousand sly things to say to the waiting maid, whom they called Louisa and Ethelinda, and a dozen other fine names; changing the name every time, and chuckling amazingly at their own waggery. My mind, however, had become completely engrossed by the Stout Gentleman. He had kept my fancy in chase during a long day, and it was not now to be diverted from the scent.

The evening gradually wore away. The travellers read the papers two or three times over. Some drew round the fire, and told long stories about their horses; about their adventures; their overturns and breakings down. They discussed the credit of different merchants and different inns, and the two wags told several choice anecdotes of pretty chamber maids and kind landladies. All this passed as they were quietly taking what they called their "night caps," that is to say, strong glasses of brandy and water with sugar, or some other mixture of the kind; after which they one after another rang for "Boots" and the chambermaid, and walked up to bed in old shoes, cut down into marvelously uncomfortable slippers.

There was only one man left; a short legged, long bodied plethoric fellow, with a very large sandy head. He sat by himself with a glass of port wine negus, and a spoon; sipping and stirring until nothing was left but the spoon. He gradually fell asleep, bolt upright in his chair, with the empty glass standing before him, and the candle seemed to fall asleep too, for the wick grew long, and black and cabbaged at the end, and dimmed the little light that remained in the chamber.

The gloom that now prevailed was contagious. Around hung the shapeless and almost spectral box coats of departed travellers, long since buried in deep sleep. I only heard the ticking of the clock, with the deep drawn breathings of the sleeping toper; and the drippings of the rain, drop—drop—drop from the eaves of the house.

The church bells chimed midnight.—All at once the Stout Gentleman began to walk over head, pacing slowly backwards and forwards. There was something extremely awful in all

this—especially to one in my state of nerves. These ghastly greatcoats; these guttural breathings, and the creaking footsteps of this mysterious being. His steps grew fainter and fainter, and at length died away. I could bear it no longer. I was wound up to the desperation of a hero of romance. “Be he who or what he may,” said I to myself, “I’ll have a sight of him!” I seized a chamber candle and hurried up to No 13. The door stood ajar. I hesitated—I entered—the room was deserted. There stood a large broad bottomed elbow chair at a table, on which was an empty tumbler, and a “Times” newspaper, and the room smelt powerfully of Stilton cheese.

The mysterious stranger had evidently just retired. I turned off to my room sorely disappointed. As I went along the corridor, I saw a large pair of boots with dirty waxed tops standing at the door of a bed chamber. They doubtless belonged to the unknown; but it would not do to disturb so redoubtable a personage in his den; he might discharge a pistol or something worse at my head. I went to bed, therefore, and lay awake half the night in a terrible nervous state; and even when I fell asleep I was still haunted in my dreams by the Stout Gentleman and his wax-topped boots.

I slept rather late the next morning; and was awakened by some stir and bustle in the house, which I could not at first comprehend; until getting more awake, I found there was a mail-coach starting from the door. Suddenly there was a cry from below:

“The gentleman has forgot his umbrella! look for the gentleman’s umbrella in No. 13.”

I heard an immediate scampering of a chambermaid along the passage, and a shrill reply, as she ran, “here it is! here’s the gentleman’s umbrella!”

The mysterious stranger then was on the point of setting off. This was the only chance I should ever have of knowing him. I sprang out of bed; scrambled to the window; snatched aside the curtains, and just caught a glimpse of the rear of a person getting in at the coach door. The skirts of a brown coat parted behind, and gave me a full view of the broad disk of a pair

of drab breeches. The door closed; "All right" was the word; the coach whirled off—and that was all I ever saw of the Stout Gentleman.

FROM THE LONDON NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

ON LIPS AND KISSING.

How various, delicate and delightful are the functions of the lips! I purpose not to treat them anatomically, or I might expatiate on the exquisite flexibility of those muscles, which by the incalculable modulations they accomplish, supply different languages to all the nations of the earth, and hardly ever fatigue the speaker, though they so often prove wearisome to the auditor. Nor shall I dwell upon the opposite impressions which their exercise is calculated to excite, from the ruby mouth of a Corinna "warbling immortal verse and Tuscan air," to the lean lipped Xantippe deafening her hen pecked mate, or the gruff voice of the turnkey who wakes you out of a sound sleep to tell you it is 7 o'clock, and you must get up immediately to be hanged. But I shall proceed at once to external beauty, although it must be admitted, before I enter into the mouth of my subject, that there is no fixed standard of perfection for this feature, either in form or color. Poor Mungo Park, after having turned many Africans sick, and frightened others into fits, by his unnatural whiteness, was once assured by a kind hearted woolly headed gentleman that though he could not look upon him without an involuntary disgust, he only felt the more compassion for his misfortune; and upon another occasion he overheard a jury of matrons debating whether a female could be found in any country to kiss such emaciated and frightful lips. How Noah's grand-children, the African descendants of Ham, came to be black, has never yet been satisfactorily explained, and it were therefore vain to inquire into the origin of their enormous lips, which do not seem better adapted to a hotter climate than our own; but there is good reason to believe that the ancient Egyptians were as ponderously provided in this respect as their own bull-god, for the Sphinx has a very Nubian mouth, and the Memnon's head, so

far from giving us the idea of a musical king who could compete with Pan or Apollo, rather tempts us to exclaim in the language of Dryden—

“Thou sing with him, thou booby! never pipe
Was so profan’d to touch that blubber’d lip.”

Kissing is a very ancient and laudable practice, whether as a mark of respect or affection. The Roman Emperors saluted their principal officers by a kiss; and the same mode of congratulation was customary upon every promotion or fortunate event. Among the same people, men were allowed to kiss their female relations on the mouth, that they might know whether they smelt of wine or not, as it seems those vaunted dames and damsels were apt to make too free with the juice of the grape, notwithstanding a prohibition to the contrary. The refinement of manners among these classic females was probably pretty much upon a par with that depicted in the Beggar’s Opera, where Macheath exclaims, after saluting Jenny Diver—“One may know by your kiss that your gin is excellent.” The ancients used not only to kiss their dying relations, from a strange notion that they should inhale their departing soul,* but repeated the salutation when dead, by way of valediction; and, finally, when they were laid upon the funeral pile. There is no accounting for tastes; but for my own part, I would rather salute the living; and I even carry my singularity so far as to prefer the soft lips of a female to that mutual presentation of bristled cheeks to which one is subject by the customs of France. A series of essays has been written on the rational recreation of kissing, by John Everard, better known as Johannes Secundus, the author of the *Basia*, which has the disgrace of being even more licentious than his prototypes Propertius and Catullus. This gentleman held the same situation under the Archbishop of Toledo, that Gil Blas filled under the Archbishop of Granada; but instead of devoting his time to the improvement of homilies, he employed himself in

*Plato seems to have thought that this interchange might occur among the living, for he says when he kisses his mistress,

“*My soul then flutters to my lip,
Ready to fly and mix with thine.*”

describing kisses of every calibre, from the counter part of that bestowed by Petruchio upon his bride, who

———"Kiss'd her lips

With such a clamorous smack, that at the parting
All the church echo'd"——

to the fond and gentle embrace described by Milton, when Adam, gazing upon our first parent in the delicious bowers of Eden—

———"in delight.

Both of her beauty and submissive charms,
Smiled with superior love, as Jupiter
On Juno smiles, when he impregns the clouds
That shed May flowers; and press'd her matron lip
With kisses pure."

Old Ben Johnson, unlike Captain Wattle, preferred the taste of his mistress's lip to Sillery or Chateau-Marguad, for which we have the authority of his well known song—

"Or leave a kiss within the cup,
And I'll not ask for wine."

And Anacreon himself, tippler as he was, did not relish his Chian, "had not the lips of love first touched the flowing bowl."

Even that phlegmatic compound, a pie, has its kissing crust. There is no kissing, indeed, animate or inanimate, that has not its recommendations; but there is a non-descript species, somewhat between both, against which I beg to enter my protest—I mean the degrading ceremony of a man made in God's image, kneeling to kiss the hand of a fellow mortal at Court, merely because that mortal is the owner of a crown, and the dispenser of places and titles. Nay, there are inconsistent beings, who have kissed the foot of the Servant of servants at Rome, and yet boggled at performing the ko tou at Peking, to the Son of the Moon, the Brother of the Sun, and the Lord of the celestial empire. Instead of complaining at knocking their nobs upon the floor before such an august personage, it seemed reasonable to suppose that they would conjure up in their imaginations much more revolting indignities. Rabelais, when he was in the suite of Cardinal Lorraine, accompanied him to Rome, and no sooner saw him prostrate before the Pope, and kissing his toe, as customary, than he suddenly turned round, shut the door, and scampered home. Upon his return, the cardinal asked him the meaning of this insult. "When I saw you" said Rabelais, "who are my master, and, moreover, a cardinal and a prince, kissing the Pope's foot I could not bear to anticipate the sort of ceremony that was probably reserved for your servant."